THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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The YOUNG DANE.

[From a new Publication, entitled "Mental Recreations, Four Daniſh and German Tales."]

IN one of the villages near Elſinore, lived Thomas, a fiſherman, and his ſon Peter, a boy of fifteen.

Thomas was univerſally reſpected for his uprightneſs, humanity, and intrepidity; nor was there a boy in the village more looked upon for his filial, and other qualities, than Peter.

As the father and the ſon were one day returning from Elſinore, they approached a hill which Peter expreſſed a wiſh to climb; and when he had attained the ſummit, he was ſo ſtruck with the ſcene before him, that he called out to his father to aſcend.

The ancient Cronberg reared its venerable pile at ſome diſtance in the valley; the buſtle of Elſinore reſounded from all quarters; and a ſmiling landſcape, on either ſide, bordered the Sound, where upwards of 500 veſſels rode in ſilent ſtatelineſs; while the contraſt on the oppoſite ſhore contributed to render Peter's native ſpot ſtill more intereſting and enviable. He ſurveyed theſe objects with unſpeakable delight; and the ſun, reverberating his fading beams on the perſpective, gave a finiſh to the beauty of the whole.

But ſoon the ſcene received the higheſt poſſible intereſt: a favourable breeze began to undulate the ſlumbering waves, the Britiſh frigates made the ſignal to weigh, and in a ſhort time their ſails were unfurled. The ſhouts of the ſailors welcomed the anchors home, and now the wealthy fleet eagerly caught the long-wiſhed-for gale. The convoy ſaluted the caſtle, which re-

turned the compliment; while a solitary gun from a guard-ship, in the Sound, bade farewell to the departing sun.

Darkness now stole upon the creation; the whole fleet was out of sight; when Thomas and his son, completely absorbed in the enjoyment of the magnificent scene, proceeded to their cottage.

The pleasing novelty which Peter had witnessed this evening, gave birth to new sentiments, which his father insensibly cherished, by relating stories of naval feats of glory. The boy felt something stirring within him, which, as it where whispered, he ought not to be inferior to his father. He had indeed frequent opportunities of displaying his bold spirit, by combating the elements in a storm, and undergoing the severest hardships; but Peter's soul panted for something more; his heart beat high for fame. Still the feelings of the son overcame the inclination of the hero. His father was rapidly advancing to old age, and consequently in need of his assistance: Peter, therefore, remained silent.

Some time afterwards, in autumn, Thomas, his son and the partners in their boat, as usual went out to fish. The evening was fine in the extreme, and they had the fairest prospect of a successful night; when suddenly, a tremendous storm overtook them, and their utmost skill was found unequal to contend with the fury of the elements; they reluctantly sought the shore, which they reached with difficulty.

The tempest raged with increasing violence, the waves dashed numbers of fishermen's boats high upon the beach, and the lightning gleamed awfully through the darkness of the night.

The women and children anxiously lined the shore, momentarily expecting to see a father, a husband, or brother, the victim of tumultuous nature; but happily their fears were removed, no family found a chasm in its domestic happiness, and all offered their thanks to the Almighty, and prayers for the wretched mariners, now the sport of the merciless winds and waves.

Heedless of their past fatigues, the strong impulse of humanity placed the intrepid fishermen on the alert all night; and the desire of doing their duty as men, united to the hope of rendering assistance to the distressed, whom the convulsion of nature might drive on their shore, rose superior to all other considerations, and proved a more efficacious restorative than the softest repose.

The dismal night had passed its gloomy course, and day-light took a timid peep at the universal commotion, when the piteous cries of human beings in distress assailed the ears of the vigilant fishermen. Soon a dismasted ship was observed dashing on the shore; the unhappy seamen, exhausted by fatigue, and worn out with anxiety, were scarcely able to extend their arms

to

to implore aſſiſtance. The fiſhermen launched their boats, and boldly ſtrove with each other who ſhould firſt perform the arduous taſk; but the tempeſt baffled their beſt exertions.

The day advanced with rapid ſtrides; but light only ſerved to render the ſcene yet more awful. The mariners ſcarcely dared to hope for reſcue; while the people on the beach, no leſs anxious for the ſafety of the unhappy ſeamen, than their friends, ſtood terror-ſtruck and almoſt deſpairing.

At this moment an event took place which raiſed the ſufferings of all parties to the higheſt pitch; the impetuous waves overwhelmed two fiſhermen's boats.

Grief clouded the countenance of each mother and child, ſuſpended between hope and fear, it being impoſſible to diſcern which boat went down.

This circumſtance, together with the increaſing fury of the elements, induced the inhabitants to make a ſignal for their friends' return, which the benevolent fiſhermen, however, did not obey. They continued their glorious conteſt 'till, at length, finding it impoſſible for human power to ſucceed, they, with the greateſt mortification, ſteered for the ſhore; where they arrived in ſafety, to the mingled grief and joy of their friends.

But the boat in which Thomas, Peter, and their friends were, ſtill kept the wrathful ſea, though without being able to afford aſſiſtance. At length one of the party ſaid, "Old Thomas, let us ſeek the ſhore; two of our boats have periſhed, and each of us has done his duty. We can do no more—God's will be done!"—The other ſeconded this propoſal, and Thomas heſitated what to do, 'till he aſked Peter: "Shall we ſeek the ſhore?" "If our partners, good father, are afraid, where the reward is ſo great, then we may as well ſeek the ſhore," ſaid Peter.

"Boy," replied one of them, ſomewhat incenſed, "we do not toil and riſk our lives for gold!"

"Then," ſaid Peter, elated, "you will be one to remain in the boat, becauſe the man who is capable of doing a great or a good action here, without recompence, may be ſure of receiving his reward elſewhere."

The others, rebuked by the ſpirit of the boy, exclaimed: "Let us all ſhake hands, and commit our cauſe to the mercy of providence."

The people on ſhore felt extremely concerned for Thomas's boat, and repeatedly made ſignals for its return; but the fiſhermen ſteadily purſued their object.

At this moment the wind ſhifted with ſuch violence as ſhook the very earth, and drifted the ſhattered veſſel to ſea. But the boat ſpeedily overtook her, and ſucceeded in ſaving the laſt man on board juſt as ſhe went down.

The wind now blowing off the Daniſh ſhore, Thomas was obliged to ſteer for the Swediſh; and, on heaven-touching waves,

the boat reeled onwards, and then hurried down an hideous abyſs. She was ſoon in the middle of the Sound, and the moſt experienced ſeaman on ſhore gave her completely up.

But providence was watchful of her ſafety.

The boat having nearly reached the Swediſh ſhore, the ſtorm ſenſibly abated, and the wind veering ſo as to ſuffer the boat to ſail for either ſhore, Thomas tacked, and in a ſhort time ſafely reached the village.

Joy ſpread every where, when Thomas landed with thoſe whom he had ſaved, conſiſting of a captain in the Britiſh navy, and his ſon, a midſhipman; the maſter and mate of the veſſel, and ſeven ſailors. They all repaired to Thomas's cottage, where hoſpitality offered all their humble means could give.

The captain of the navy ſeemed particularly to fix his attention on Peter, who on the other hand was extremely ſolicitous and attentive to William, the captain's ſon.

When the ſhipwrecked perſons had, in ſome degree, recovered their ſtrength, the captain expreſſed a wiſh to reward his deliverers; but accidentally putting ſome queſtions to Peter, which, through the interpretation of his father, he anſwered with readineſs and propriety, the captain was inſenſibly led into a converſation.

Thomas, perceiving the impreſſion which Peter had made on the captain's mind, with the feelings of a true father ſaid to the captain: "Sir, you and your friends owe your reſcue—not to me, but to that boy," and then told the ſtory.

The captain now conceived ſo high an opinion of this worthy family, that however anxious he might be to reward their meritorious conduct, yet he felt himſelf incapable of making any pecuniary offer to ſuch noble ſouls. In this dilemma he called old Thomas aſide.

"My good friend, I wiſh to leave you all ſome teſtimony of my gratitude, but I know not how to make it acceptable. My feelings equally impel, and reſtrain me from doing this act of duty. Aſſiſt me, my good friend; tell me how I may ſerve you?"

"I will anſwer you in the words of my ſon."

"Then I muſt do nothing?"

"Nothing."

"One word. Will you permit me to confer on your ſon, what I intended to beſtow on you all?"

"That I will leave to you and my ſon."

Thomas now called Peter; the captain took him by the hand, ſaying:

"My gallant boy; put it in my power to be grateful to you."

"How, Sir? Father, what means the captain?"

"He

"He is so pleased with your conduct, my son, that he wishes to befriend you."

"What I have done to day, good Sir, was nothing but my duty. For such offices men should not, ought not to be paid. But, Sir! if you are pleased to view my conduct with partiality, then I may, perhaps, make bold to ask a favour. If—

Here Peter cast a tender look at his father.

"I assent, my boy, to your acceptance of any kindness the captain may offer you."

"But if my request is such a one, father! as you could not possibly expect me to make?"

"You will make no improper use of my indulgence; therefore obey your inclination."

"Then let me beg you, my father, to ask the favour I pant for. The captain has offered, (and I am sure he will keep his word) to be my friend. Do you remember, good father! the fine evening, when you and I beheld an immense fleet passing the Sound for England? Do you recollect with what enthusiasm you have related to me stories of the gallant exploits in which you formerly shared, while serving in the British navy? Our country is—and Heaven grant she may continue—at peace;—but Britain is at war: Forgive me! is it a crime that a son should wish to imitate the virtues of his father?"

Thomas, touched to the inmost, and rejoicing at the dawning spirit of his child, said to the captain:

"Will you grant our joint request?"

"Is there any thing I could more heartily wish to comply with?" replied the captain: "but, my boy! your father is old, and he will want your services."

"That, Sir, is the only consideration which has hitherto prevented me from expressing my wishes; but providence having blessed me with a friend in you, I am encouraged to declare them."

"Then, my good old friend," said the captain, you must allow me to make you some recompence for taking away your best support."

"Thank God," cried the old man, standing erect and firm, "I am not yet unable to earn my livelihood; and if I were, good Sir, I have some savings in a corner, which I gained in the service of Old England: they will suffice for my life, I trust."

"Here, take my hand, old friend, as a pledge, that I will be a father to your child while I live."

"Heaven bless you and your's, captain! I hope my boy will not shame your goodness;—and you, Peter! let me hear you become as good a seaman as your father has been."

"It shall be my ambition, worthy father! to live with honour, or to die with glory."

"Come

" Come now, my friends!" ſaid old Thomas, " let us paſs the remainder of the evening in ſocial happineſs. I ſhall then give you ſome advice, Peter, which it may not be amiſs that you ſhould preſerve."

(To be concluded in our next.)

Account of the modern Syſtem of Naval Tactics, begun by Lord Rodney, which ſtill continues in Uſe, and was attempted by Sir Robert Calder in the Action of July 22, 1805.

ALL ſhips muſt be, as to each other, windward or leeward, and in their tacks, either ſtarboard or larboard. A fleet to windward has invariably borne down in a ſlanting line on another to leeward, each ſhip in a line abreaſt of the other, 'till they brought up within a proper diſtance for a cloſe and general engagement from van to rear. A fleet to leeward, therefore, deſirous to avoid a general engagement has full leiſure to diſable a windward fleet during its approach to battle; and when the latter has aſſumed a ſituation for cloſe encounter, the former might bear away at intervals, whilſt enveloped with ſmoke; or, by making more ſail, might ſhoot a-head, and pour its whole fire into the oppoſite van, as it paſſed, and wore in ſucceſſion to form a new line to leeward on the oppoſite tack.

The myſtery of the French tactics was formerly no more than this; they never made an attack, but always courted a leeward ſituation; they have thus invariably diſabled the Britiſh fleets in coming down to action, and, upon ſeeing it diſabled, have made ſail and demoliſhed the van in paſſing, keeping clear of cloſe engagement, and never lying ſhip abreaſt: on the other hand the Britiſh, from an irreſiſtible deſire of attack, have as conſtantly courted the windward poſition; have had their ſhips conſtantly diſabled and ſeparated, and have never been able to cloſe with the enemy or make a capture.

Such was the ſyſtem by which the French ſucceeded from the naval engagement with Admiral Byng in the Mediterranean, 1756, to the rencounter with Admiral Graves off the Cheſapeak, 1781. In Admiral Byron's engagement off Grenada, our fleet bore down to windward, whilſt the enemy, bearing away, prevented an attack upon their rear, or a cloſe engagement in the van. Our headmoſt ſhips were either diſabled in making the attack, as they received the whole fire of the enemy's line, as each ſhip of the latter paſſed and wore in ſucceſſion, in order to form to leeward upon the oppoſite tack. The French adhered ſo cloſely to this ſyſtem, that, to avoid all chance of cloſe or general engagement, they forbore even to intercept our diſabled ſhips which had neceſſarily fallen to leeward.

Such was the ſuperiority of the enemy's tactics, that 'till the year 1782, above thirty years had paſſed without any conſpicuous naval victory; ſhip indeed engaging with ſhip, the Britiſh always ſucceeded; but the advantage was never extended to general engagement. Rodney ſet the firſt example of an attack to leeward and cutting off the line: ſince then, in all general battles, we have uniformly triumphed.

Rodney opened a new æra, and with the exception of the battle of the Nile, where the French fleet was at anchor, the ſame manœuvre of attacking to leeward, and cutting the line, have uniformly ſucceeded. In Lord Howe's victory, the ſignal was given (the firſt, we believe, that was ever given, for Rodney's was rather accident than deſign) for the Britiſh fleet to leeward to tack ſucceſſively and cut the line; the two fleets were inſtantly intermixed, the battle was that of ſhip to ſhip, and the event was evidence of the ſkill of the attack.—Indeed ſo ſenſible were the French of the cauſe of our victory, that the convention paſſed a decree of death againſt that captain who ſhould ever ſuffer the line to be cut.

Lord St. Vincent, indeed, diſregarded the regular ſyſtem, from having greater advantages in varying his plan of attack; but Lord Duncan, in the victory off Camperdown, cut the Dutch line immediately in the centre.

Such being the approved ſyſtem of tactics, and the invariable ſucceſs of adopting them, it is aſked, did Sir Robert Calder conform to them; had he or had he not the opportunity of applying them, or did he reject them from choice?

At noon on the 22d of July, the gallant admiral diſcovered the combined fleet to windward; he immediately concerted his plan of attack: indeed, but one plan preſented itſelf. Having made ſignals for the cloſeſt order, he bore down upon the enemy, and upon cloſing with them, made the ſignal for attacking the centre. When he had reached their rear he tacked his ſhips in ſucceſſion, evidently meaning to interſect them, and bring on a cloſe engagement of ſhip to ſhip. It was impoſſible to deviſe a plan of attack more promiſing; we venture to pronounce Lord Nelſon would have done the ſame; Lord St. Vincent did the ſame. When that illuſtrious man perceived the Spaniſh fleet to windward, conſiſting of 27 ſail of the line, he inſtantly cut off a diviſion of it, though he could not bring on a general engagement, as the enemy, in great trepidation, choſe rather to fly, than ſuccour any part of their ſquadron. "When I had reached their rear," ſays Sir Robert, "I tacked the ſquadron in ſucceſſion; this brought me cloſe up under their lee; and when our headmoſt ſhips had reached their centre, the enemy were tacking in ſucceſſion; this obliged me again to make the ſame manœuvre, by which I brought on an action of four hours, when

when I found it neceſſary to bring to the ſquadron to cover the two captured ſhips."

Sir Robert then proceeds to obſerve, which is a perfect vindication of his not being able to do more, that the enemy had every advantage of wind and weather; that the fog was ſo great that he could ſcarcely perceive the ſhip a-head or aſtern of him: this rendered it impoſſible to take advantage of the enemy by proper ſignals; "had the weather, he continues, "been more favourable, I am led to believe the victory would have been more complete."

In many of the accounts we have received, it is poſitively ſtated, that the Britiſh ſhips, twice or thrice by miſtake, fired into each other, and that five of the enemy were at once upon the Windſor Caſtle. It is thus evident that not above two or three ſhips ſucceeded in paſſing the line of the enemy; the reſt were prevented by not perceiving the ſignals, and not knowing what impreſſion the leading ſhips were making.

This is evident from the circumſtance of ſome ſhips having ſuffered greatly and ſome triflingly; the fact is, the line can ſcarcely be ſaid to have been cut at all; the fleets, indeed, paſſed each other upon oppoſite tacks; but, from the circumſtances of the weather, and the ſignals not being noticed, the Britiſh fleet was never able to form a new line to leeward, or, in returning on the contrary tack, to rake the enemy as each ſhip paſſed. Every advantage, therefore, of cutting the line, in a leeward attack, was loſt to Sir Robert Calder, becauſe his ſhips could not act under his ſuperintendence, or with that unanimity of attack which alone can lead to deciſive victory, and which muſt ever depend on a quick perception, and obedience of ſignals in each ſhip.

Extract from the Writings of the late King of Sweden.

THE continental journals have announced the appearance of the third and fourth volumes of the works of the late king of Sweden. This collection, publiſhed by the particular direction of his magnanimous ſon, will be the moſt glorious, and the moſt durable monument, that can be erected to the memory of Guſtavus III. It may not, perhaps, be generally known in this country, that his late majeſty was one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed writers that Sweden has produced. He was the founder of the Swediſh academy at Stockholm—and obtained the firſt prize diſtributed by that ſociety, for a memoir on the celebrated Swediſh general, Troſtenſon. In an advertiſement prefixed by the academy to the firſt volume of their early tranſactions, which has recently appeared, it is ſtated, that not one of the arbiters knew, that Guſtavus had any ambition to ſhine in the ca-

reer of literature. A ſhort ſpecimen, may, perhaps, not be thought unintereſting. It is the paſſage in which Torſtenſon, being releaſed from his confinement at Ingolſtadt, receives the intelligence of the death of Guſtavus.

"Nine months elapſed, and Torſtenſon endured, with the fortitude of a hero, the ſhameful cruelty of Maximilian. The door of his dungeon at length opens—his fetters are taken off—he is free—he goes. Univerſal joy pervades the city; bonfires are kindled; the ſound of bells calls the people to the temple of the Almighty, to return thanks to the Lord; all the ſplendid ceremonies of the Romiſh church are ſummoned to expreſs the ſentiments which animate every boſom. Torſtenſon, juſt releaſed from the abode of death, enquires with amaze the cauſe of ſuch extravagant joy. "The enemy of Ferdinand, the adverſary of Rome, is no more! Guſtavus Adolphus has fallen! O my king! O hero! O hero of my native land! and art thou no more? Why did I not remain in the habitation of darkneſs? Why was I not permitted to end my days in that dreary abode? I ſhould then have imagined my country victorious—my king among the living—and ſhould joyfully have awaited the ſummons of death. But he is no more! Tremble, ye enemies of Sweden! As long as this arm can wield a ſword, as long as this blood flows through my veins, I devote you to my vengeance, to perdition, to death!"

"He ſaid, and haſtened from a place reſounding with the ſhouts of a joy he abhorred. Oxenſtierna, the intimate friend, and the enlighted counſellor of Guſtavus, had, ſince the king's death, guided the helm of the ſtate. The great ſpirit of Guſtavus ſeemed to hover over his allies, and to keep up their courage. It was Oxenſtierna, who broke Torſtenſon's fetters, but this was not enough; he knew his love for his ſovereign, he anticipated his deſpair at his death, and Oxenſtierna reſolved to procure him the conſolation moſt worthy of a hero, that of revenging himſelf by victories over his foes. Torſtenſon, at the head of the troops, ſent him by the chancellor, croſſes the Lech, and attacks Landſberg. But a few days have elapſed ſince he was relieved from his fetters, and the enemy learn to their aſtoniſhment and diſmay, that Landſberg is taken. But though the fortitude of his ſoul had deſpiſed the hardſhips of impriſonment, his corporeal powers ſunk beneath trials ſo ſevere, and grief for the death of Guſtavus had filled the meaſure. His ſtrength decreaſes, and he reſigns the command to Guſtavus Horn. He was obliged to withdraw into ſolitude, to recruit that ſtrength which he was determined to employ in the ſervice of his country. His grief led him to the ſpot that contained the earthly remains of the great Guſtavus Adolphus. The arm, which checked the ambition of Auſtria, which broke the fetters of Germany, and aſſerted the liberties of the empire, is now ſtiff; the heart that was

fired with glory, that ſympathiſed with the unhappy, that glowed with ſuch ardent love of his country is now cold. Guſtavus Adolphus is no more! his immortal ſpirit has aſcended to the manſions of virtue, but his name inflames his ſubjects with revenge, and animates the German princes and ſtates to reſiſt their oppreſſor; while his corſe, ſurround with trophies of victory, attended by his grateful ſubjects and by ſtrangers, is borne back to his native land, and is depoſited in the temple of the Deity.

"F. Torſtenſon haſtens to Wolgaſt, to behold once more the king, the hero, his patron, and his inſtructor, to bedew his hands with his tears, to enjoy the laſt conſolation of once more approaching near the earthly remains of him whoſe life he would gladly have purchaſed with his own. There he finds Jan Baner, Maria Eleonora, the moſt diſtinguiſhed princes of Germany, and the firſt nobility of Sweden. Attended by this majeſtic retinue of heroes, by a tender conſort, and by his diſconſolate ſubjects, Guſtavus is conveyed back to his country. Torſtenſon returns to Stockholm. The ſweet ſenſations that pervade the heart, when, after a long abſence, we find ourſelves at home, ſurrounded by relatives and friends, were not taſted by Torſtenſon. Reſigning himſelf wholly to his grief, every object he ſees ſerves to renew the memory of the hero whom he has loſt. He again beholds Stockholm; but how altered ſince the time when he quitted the metropolis of Sweden! Inſtead of a monarch encompaſſed by heroes, and a people whom he united, he finds a diſconſolate multitude—the chiefs of the nation, pledged to maintain the kingdom, embarraſſed with the magnitude of the concerns confided to their care, and, on the throne, a tender infant, whoſe innocence is her only ſupport. But this infant was the daughter of Guſtavus Adolphus. He embraces her feet; he ſwears once more to the memory of her father, an oath of everlaſting fidelity; and, full of the pureſt devotion for Chriſtina, he reſigns himſelf wholly to his grief, and to the performance of his important duties. Love ſoon combines to mitigate his affliction; a youthful beauty, ſprung from a ſex that was accuſtomed to tame the fierceneſs of the Sarmatians, captivates his heart; marriage ſanctions his flame; and indiſſoluble bonds unite him to Beata de la Gardie."

Addreſs to the Inhabitants of the United Kingdom on the Proſpect of a French Invaſion.

THAT the long threatened attempt of the enemy to effect a landing on our ſhores will ſpeedily take place, is now the prevailing ſentiment of the public, and the idea gains additional

ſtrength

ſtrength by the unequivocal declarations of thoſe who may naturally be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with the views of government on this moſt intereſting ſubject. All the information lately received from the continent ſpeak in the ſtrongeſt terms of the extenſive preparations for this long projected expedition, and ſurely the enemy have had ample time to organize their means, and to mature their plans for the attack, even on a ſcale of unprecedented magnitude. In number of forces to be employed, in excellence of diſcipline, in extent of experience, in perfection of equipment, the army collected on the oppoſite ſhores is in every point of view the moſt formidable that ever was profeſſedly deſtined for the invaſion of any country in the annals of the modern world. The preſent head of the French government, animated with the moſt rancorous hatred to the only country which has been able to preſerve the bleſſings of conſtitutional liberty among all orders of its inhabitants, has omitted no exertion to inſure, if not its final conqueſt, at leaſt to put it in his power to extend as widely as poſſible his deſigns of plunder and deſtruction. It is impoſſible for any reflecting mind to contemplate the magnitude of theſe preparations without a certain degree of painful anxiety. This feeling, however, does not partake in the ſmalleſt degree of unmanly timidity or diſmay.

The means of annoyance in the hands of the enemy are indeed formidable, but our means of meeting them are unexampled. There never exiſted, in our hiſtory, a period when the hearts and hands of all ranks were ſo cloſely united in the cauſe of their common country. There never exiſted a conteſt, when every obligation that can operate on the hearts of ſocial beings more loudly called for zeal, energy, and fortitude. Other conteſts have been in their origin ambiguous, and the community could not feel a very warm intereſt in their reſult. They were undertaken from views of perſonal ambition and aggrandizement, or perhaps on grounds of miſtaken and even ruinous policy. They did not come home to men's buſineſs and boſoms, nor could the great maſs of the people at all comprehend what was to be gained even by victory, where the conſequences of that victory were not felt either in ſtrengthening the ſecurity, or augmenting the proſperity of the empire. In the preſent conteſt, however, there is no ambiguity. The meaneſt underſtanding can diſcover to what his exertions are directed, and for what his increaſed ſhare of the public burdens has been impoſed. He feels that he is called upon to combat in a cauſe, in which all that is deareſt to his affections are at ſtake; in which all that ſanctifies the relations of human life are in danger of being deſtroyed. He conſiders himſelf as the depoſitory of the liberty, not only of the age in which he lives, but of the peace, the happineſs, and the

freedom of ſucceeding times. He has a ſimple alternative before him, whether he ſhall put to hazard his eaſe, his tranquillity, and his life, or baſely ſurrender to an unprincipled horde of banditti whatever can give to exiſtence its true meaſure of enjoyment. If he falls, his mind is upheld by the conſideration, that he has periſhed in the exerciſe of one of the moſt important duties; that his life was a ſacrifice which his country demanded; that he fell in a great ſtruggle to preſerve from profanation the altars of his God, and the ſepulchres of his fathers.

In every great conteſt, much depends on the idea which poſterity may entertain of our preſent exertions. According to our conduct, at a criſis ſo intereſting as the preſent, we ſhall either live in the admiration, or be covered with the indignation or contempt of future ages. They will look back to us either as the intrepid guardians of the greateſt political importance that ever fell to the lot of a people, or as men who betrayed the greateſt truſt that ever a nation was called to defend, and preferred ſlavery and chains to liberty and to death. But we ſhall not think ſo meanly of the high and honourable feelings of our countrymen, as to ſuppoſe that there can exiſt even one individual daſtardly enough to heſitate for a moment as to the courſe which he is bound, by the moſt ſacred and indiſſoluble ties, to purſue. The cauſe in which we are engaged is the cauſe of all; and no man at ſuch a moment can withhold his ſervices, without being a traitor to the intereſts of that country which gave him birth, and that mild and paternal government under which he has enjoyed, undiſturbed, the fruits of his honeſt induſtry, or the bleſſings of his patrimonial inheritance. We are not now fighting to ſupport the views of a party, or to favour the ambitious projects of a miniſter. We are fighting for our ancient character of freedom and independence. We are fighting for that proud pre-eminence in political advantages, which have raiſed the name of England ſo high among the kingdoms of the earth. We are fighting the battles of the whole civiliſed world! for in the deſtruction of the independence of this country would neceſſarily be involved the wreck of civil ſociety; the deſtruction of arts and of induſtry; the ſubverſion of all thoſe wiſe inſtitutions which regulate the relations of the government and the governed; the extinction of commercial enterpriſe; the annihilation of free or liberal diſcuſſions; in a word, of all that dignifies and embelliſhes poliſhed life, and converts the intercourſe of mankind from a ſpectacle of barbariſm into a theatre of wonders.

The effects that a ſucceſsful invaſion of this country would produce, preſent a picture which it is impoſſible to contemplate without horror; and if any thing were wanting to rouſe the energies of the people, the contemplation of that picture would be

be ſufficient to give energy to the irreſolute, and fortitude to the timorous. This view of the ſubject ſhould never be loſt ſight of even for a moment. It ſhould conſtantly dwell in the boſoms of thoſe who have taken up arms in defence of their country, and who even before another week has elapſed may be actually in the field. They ſhould bear conſtantly in view what are the ſacred objects, in defence of which they have expreſſed their readineſs either to conquer or to periſh. The enemy againſt whom they have to contend are mercenary ſlaves, who have ſuffered themſelves to be the inſtruments of the inſatiable ambition of a foreign uſurper, in his plans for ſubverting every veſtige of liberty among the French people, and rendering abortive all that they were labouring to accompliſh by ten years of toils and of ſufferings. To reward this complacency on the part of his ſoldiers, Bonaparte now propoſes to indulge them in the utmoſt licentiouſneſs of plunder, and he has fixed on the ſoil of England for the ſcene of theſe lawleſs acts of cruelty and of pillage. The liberty, the wealth, and the induſtry of Engliſhmen, are all to be immolated at the ſhrine of tyranny, and given up to the violence of a ſoldiery reſtrained by none of thoſe checks which ſoften the aſperity of modern warfare.

Every one knows what were the exceſſes of the French armies in the provinces of Germany, and even among the virtuous and unoffending inhabitants of Switzerland. Many of theſe exceſſes were, however, rather the reſult of accidental neceſſity, than of a ſyſtematic plan of pillage. Others were puniſhed by the general officers, who profeſſed a deſire, as far as poſſible, to ſpare the lives or property of the peaſantry. In an invaſion of this country, on the contrary, the whole of this order would be directly reverſed. Inſtead of attempting to moderate the licentiouſneſs of the troops, it would be the policy of the officers to give it every ſort of encouragement. It is the expectation of unlimited pillage, indeed, which blinds the eyes of the French army to dangers which would, otherwiſe, appear deſperate. They have nothing to look for but plunder or death, and like deſperate gameſters they are determined to riſk every thing on the caſt of a ſingle die. They are kept in a ſtate of groſs ignorance of the real ſituation of this country. They are carefully taught to hold our militia and volunteers in the utmoſt degree of contempt; and the number of our regular forces is deſcribed as ſo inſignificant as to be altogether unable to offer any thing like effectual reſiſtance to the arms of the great nation.

Such are the men with whom, in caſe of invaſion, our countrymen in arms will be called on to contend; and they ſurely require only to compare the difference of their ſituation, to be inſpired with confidence in their ability to meet them with ſucceſs. They are ſtrong in the goodneſs of their cauſe. They

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muſt feel that courage and reſolution are the only foundation of their ſafety, and that whatever may become of them individually, the ſtruggle in which we are engaged muſt, eventually, terminate to our eternal honour. They have, we truſt, duly weighed all the conſequences of the conteſt, and fully prepared their minds for the reſult, ſo far as they may be individually concerned. No man is in a condition fit to execute what his country may require of him at this criſis who does not conſider himſelf as devoted to its ſervice. If he ſurvives the conflict his future life will be a ſcene of the moſt gratifying recollection, and if he periſh, poſterity will do juſtice to his patriotiſm. His name will be enrolled with the moſt illuſtrious dead, and the inhabitants of future times will ſhed a tear of gratitude over the aſhes that repoſe in the ſepulchre, We truſt that ſuch are the feelings by which our countrymen who have voluntarily taken up arms are animated. We truſt that they are all equally impreſſed with the magnitude and importance of the duties which they have undertaken to execute, and how much depends on their exertions as to the reſult of a conteſt in every reſpect the moſt intereſting that modern times have held up to the attention of mankind: to the man who duly appreciates all the conſequences which the iſſue of the conteſt muſt neceſſarily produce, there is no æra in any age ſo intereſting, or that ſeems pregnant with ſuch vaſt events.

The period in which it is our lot to live is one which, viewed in all its relations, is not leſs intereſting than when Brutus, at Philippi, was riſking, on the iſſue of a battle, the fortunes and liberties of Rome and of the world. The eyes of all mankind are turned to the exertions of this country, in ſupport of its ancient independence, in ſupport of that liberty which was purchaſed by the blood and the ſufferings of our anceſtors, equally renowned for their firmneſs and their valour, for the maintenance of that elevated ſtation which we have long enjoyed among the commonwealths of Europe. We truſt, then, that the page of hiſtory will never have to record, that a great and proſperous people periſhed by the indifference or inactivity of its inhabitants; that we fell without a grand ſtruggle which throughout all time will preſerve our names in remembrance; that we ſunk under a conqueror becauſe we poſſeſſed not a ſpirit adequate to the defence of our wealth, of our induſtry, our laws, our policy, and our religion. On the contrary, we anticipate the reſult of the ſtruggle with perfect confidence, and truſt that the heroiſm of our countrymen will diſplay itſelf in acts as glorious as any that ever adorned the annals of patriotiſm, or gave intereſt to the monuments of public virtue. We truſt, that if ever the enemy ſhould ſucceed in landing on our ſhores, it will only be to find a grave; and that our children will point with exultation to the

field ſtrewed with the bones of Gallic invaders, and conſecrated by the triumphs of Britiſh valour.

SINGULAR CHARACTER.

[From a late Publication, entitled "A Tour to Worthing," &c.]

ON the left of Epſom is ——— Park, the ſeat of ———, Eſq. an eminent merchant of London. The park and grounds are extenſive, picturesque, and beautiful, and the manſion, in every reſpect, ſuitable to the rich domain which ſurrounds it.

The inimitable regularity and unexampled minuteneſs, which pervade the various arrangements, and domeſtic economy of Mr. ———, form very prominent features in his character, and give to it an air of eccentricity. The following relation I received from a gentleman who has frequently been a viſitor at ———

Nothing can exceed the unabated exertions of Mr. ——— to keep his premiſes in the moſt complete ſtate of preſervation: nor any thing equal his unremitted efforts to inveſtigate every trifling dilapidation; the moſt trivial appearance of decay or diſorder is immediately ſubject to the inſpection of the workmen; ſo inſeparable are his ideas from uniformity and decorum, and ſo induſtrious is he to preſerve them, that one would imagine all the powers of human art had been exhauſted to raiſe a model of perfection.

Every thing is performed with ſtrict conformity to the rules of ſcience; proportion and harmony are preſerved throughout, and every feature combines to give aſſiſtance and effect to the other; the whole is calculated to create pleaſure, aſtoniſhment, and admiration.

An entire range of buildings are dedicated to the reception of tools, implements, and ſtock, neceſſary for almoſt every mechanic art, and perſons appointed to arrange, and maintain them, in a proper ſtate of preparation and readineſs. Theſe ſtores are repleniſhed whenever conſumption renders it neceſſary; their contents entered in a regular ſtock-book, and from them the premiſes are ſupplied with the moſt ſcrupulous nicety; the quantity, weight, meaſure, or number of any article, is correctly aſcertained previous to delivery, and ſet off in the ſtock-book, againſt which, by way of check, inventories are placed in the different apartments, deſcribing their contents; each domeſtic has the ſuperintendance of a certain number of chambers, and is furniſhed with a complete eſtabliſhment of bruſhes, brooms, pails, duſters, &c. &c. and ſhould any one be diſcovered lending

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to another, or be guilty of departing from the ſyſtem preſcribed, immediate warning is the conſequence.

Nothing can exceed the accuracy which reigns in every quarter; the garret, and the ſcullery, the ſtable and the pig-ſtye, the farm-yard and the park, are ſubject to the ſame ſtrict diſcipline, as the moſt ſuperb chambers; not an article muſt be miſplaced, not the moſt trifling piece of furniture occupy a place which has not been particularly appropriated to it; the moſt penetrating eye cannot diſcover the leaſt defect, in the moſt inſignificant apartment; the fineſt ſilks may be drawn unſoiled through every room; ſo correct, ſo complete, ſo ſingularly appropriate is every thing, that to a ſtranger, bells and ſervants may be eſteemed only ſupernumerary and complimentary appendages; the whole appears ſubject to the power of mechaniſm, and the mind is ſurpriſed to obſerve the perfection, which ſyſtem and decorum can produce.

This indefatigable perſeverance in order and ſyſtem, extends to the interior of the manſion, and to every out-houſe, lodge, gate, and fence, upon the eſtate; every part is ſubſtantial, and moſt admirably arranged, and every object is a convincing proof, that the proprietor is guided by the dictates of the old maxim, "never leave that until to-morrow which may be performed to day."

His arrangements for the entertainment of his friends are, by the ſame unprecedented plan, the moſt extraordinary; upon the entrance of a gueſt, he is preſented with a bill of fare, containing every delicacy of the ſeaſon, nor muſt he refuſe to ſelect ſuch diſhes as are moſt gratifying to his taſte; immediately the ſelection is announced, fiſh is drawn from the neighbouring ponds, meat prepared which has been fed within the pale of his own park, poultry from the barn door, &c. &c. The greateſt epicure in the univerſe could not poſſibly deſire higher gratification, than to become the inmate of ſuch a manſion.

To this I beg leave to add, from my own knowledge, that, as a member of the mercantile world, Mr. ——— is as eminent for integrity and liberality, as in his retirement for hoſpitality and munificence.

A SIMILE.

THERE is a bird in the Weſt Indies, who, without having a note of his own, can imitate the notes of any other bird which he has ever heard. There are many ſuch *black* birds in both our univerſities; ſome call them ſcholars and great geniuſes, and others give them the more familiar appellation of pedants, by which latter name they are more generally known.

AN

AN ANECDOTE.

THE whimſicality of Dean Swift, in detaching a ſervant four miles to bring back his houſekeeper from a junketting party, to ſhut a door ſhe had left open, is conſiderably exceeded in its way by an authentic anecdote of the venerable law luminary Lord T——— on his arrival at Brighthelmſtone this ſeaſon. It had rained exceſſively hard during the greater part of his journey from London. On arriving at Bellevue, and alighting from his carriage, he called to his footman for his walking-ſtick, which had been given into his care on ſetting out from the metropolis; but the ſon of Iris tremblingly acknowledged he had left it behind in town. Thoſe who are beſt acquainted with the learned peer can beſt fancy the kind look this piece of intelligence produced. In a cadence ſoft as diſtant thunder, he ſaid, "O! you have forgot my ſtick, have you? then go back directly, and fetch it, and be d——d. His commands were implicitly obeyed; and the fellow, without waiting for refreſhment, ſet out poſt for London, in a drenching ſhower, for the favourite ſupport of his maſter.

BAVARIAN IMPROVEMENTS.

THE government of Bavaria is making great exertions to accelerate the improvement of that electorate, and expending large ſums for that purpoſe. Foreigners, eminent for their ſkill in the uſeful or ornamental arts, are invited to reſide in it. There has alſo been erected, at Munich, a new academy of ſciences. A large obſervatory has been built, and completely furniſhed. M. Bauer, a mechanic who is diſtinguiſhed for the invention of a malt and flour mill, which is no leſs remarkable for its novelty than its utility, has received from the elector of Bavaria a handſome donation, accompanied by an order to make another mill of the ſame conſtruction, to be erected at Weihenſtephen, in that electorate.

A QUESTION, *by a Self-taught Mathematician.*

BEING anxious to aſcertain the altitude of a certain tower, I procured two poles of 9 and $5\frac{1}{4}$ feet in height reſpectively; the latter of which I erected perpendicularly at the tower, and at the diſtance of 4 feet therefrom I erected the former pole, alſo in a perpendicular direction with the tower, whoſe diſtance from the tower's baſe was exactly 96 feet.—From theſe data it is required to determine the height of the tower by a ſhort and eaſy method.

Anſwer, by J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis, to J. B. Bloomfield's Charade, inſerted June 3.

THE ALE-HOOF will the theme reveal
Which you ſo ſlightly did conceal.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Gard, of Gittiſham; Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes; and T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole.

Anſwer, by Cleobulus, of Plymouth Dock, to S. Moore's Rebus, inſerted June 17.

A CARPET will, if right I deem,
Diſplay the ſubject of your theme.

** Similar anſwers have been received from T. Adey, and J. Lewis, of Poole; Adrianus; J. Channon, of Ottery; F. Prout, of Mevagiſſey Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes; W. Gard, of Gittiſham; and H. Pratt, of Luppit.

Anſwer, by T. Wotton, of Newton Buſhel, to J. Gidley's Charade, inſerted June 24.

A PENKNIFE, Sir, I do expound
Is with the ſcholar often found.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from H. Pratt, of Luppit; Cleobulus, of Plymouth Dock; J. Waldron, of Lyme Regis; J. Reynolds, jun. of Cullompton; J. Lewis, and T. Adey, of Poole; F. Symes, of Briſtol; P. Ninnis, of Taviſtock; Corporal Ninnis, of St. Agnes; and W. Gard, of Gittiſham.

A CHARADE, *by W. Seaward, of Ottery St. Mary.*

AT early morn haſte to the mead,
And careful look around;
My firſt you'll find, and ſee it feed,
Right uſeful too its ſound.
Then, for my ſecond, 'tis a miſchance,
Which does to ſome befall,
Theſe, when you've found, I will advance,
You ſoon may tell my whole.
I'm ſeen by rural ſwains in ſpring,
When bloſſoms bloom on every ſpray,
When feather'd warblers blithſome ſing,
And tuneful hail the riſing day.

A CHARADE, *by T. Jarvis, of Malborough.*

ELATED with my firſt, I rove
Acroſs the yellow plain;
And view, with gratitude and love,
The waving, golden grain.
How pleaſing to the grateful mind,
To ſee my next abound;
While Ceres and Pomona join
To ſpread their flores around.
Then may my whole our hearts expand,
And lift our thoughts to Heav'n;
While we adore th' all-bounteous hand
For every bleſſing given!

POETRY.

Lines copied from the Wainſcot of a Bailiff's Lock-up-Room, in the Town of Birmingham.

IN this chill gloom, where pity never ſmil'd,
To ſoothe the woes of mis'ry's pallid child;
Where the mild balſam of the ſummer air,
Ne'er came to cool the fever of deſpair;
Ev'n here a breaſt, once fraught with proud deſire,
Once glowing with the flame of freedom's fire;
A being who had thron'd him on delight,
Whoſe voice contempuous mock'd misfortune's night;
Who once had ſhar'd the bliſs of life's brief day,
Who welcom'd joy, and dreamt not of diſmay.
Here felt the pangs of mis'ry's fierce controul,
And claſp'd the fiend of ruin to his ſoul.

Whoever thou, ſad tenant of this gloom,
Read in theſe mournful lines a brother's doom;
Baſely betray'd—he yet his ſighs repreſs'd,
Nor pour'd the wrongs that rankled in his breaſt:
Too proud the injuries of his heart to own,
He nurtur'd mis'ry in his ſtifled groan;
Deſpair her chill fires from his eye has flung,
And ſilence ſat upon his palſied tongue;
Yet once—'twas phrenzy rul'd the fatal hour,
Feeling uncheck'd uſurp'd her harrowing pow'r;
With all the paſt to mock his madd'ning thought,
And all the preſent with deſtruction fraught;
Ev'n in that hour he nurs'd his boſom's pride,
Curſt the dark moment of his birth, and died!

Lines on Domeſtic Comfort, or Saturday Night's Employment, by the late Rev. Mr. Graves.

WHOE'ER has ſeen, on Afric's ſandy ſhore,
Where ſavage monſters lurk, and lions roar;
Burſt from th' entangled thicket, in her way,
A hungry tigreſs ruſhing on her prey:
In vain the hunters' ſhouts aſſault her ears;
She ſcorns their clamours, and defies their ſpears!
Unaw'd, amid th' attacks of dogs and men,
She bears her prize, triumphant, to her den.

With equal fury, arm'd with mops and brooms,
The headſtrong houſe-maid traverſes your rooms:
No force her operations can withſtand:
Nor gods, nor men, arreſt her ſcouring hand.
About her waiſt her twiſted apron's bound,
On pattens rais'd ſhe ſtalks th' apartments round:
Her floating batteries daſhing from her pail,
By hydroſtatic laws the laws aſſail.
Her roſy arms their wonted labours ply!
Chairs, tables, ſophas, ſcreens, before her fly!

In

In vain her rev'rend maſter ſtorms and frets;
Madam commands, and Nancy ſcorns *his* threats.
His books and papers ſcatter'd on the floor!
He ſwears: ſhe laughs, and ſings, and ſcrubs the more!
(For evils, in domeſtic life, there are,
Nor this the leaſt—would make a parſon ſwear!)
'Till, wet and damp each room, the ſaucy queen,
Now proudly boaſts—"The houſe, for once, is clean!
For wet and clean, with ev'ry Britiſh dame,
Say what you pleaſe, will always mean the ſame.

The MANSION *of* REST.

By LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

I Talk'd to my fluttering heart,
And chided its wandering ways;
I told it from folly to part,
And huſband the beſt of its days.
I bade it no more to admire
The meteors that fancy had dreſs'd;
I whiſper'd 'twas time to retire,
And ſeek for a manſion of reſt.

A charmer was liſt'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay,
O! come then," ſhe cried, with a ſmile,
"And friendſhip ſhall point out your way."
I follow'd the witch to her home,
And vow'd to be always her gueſt,
Never more, I exclaim'd, will I roam
In queſt of a manſion of reſt.

But the ſweeteſt of moments will fly—
Not long was my fancy beguil'd,
And ſhortly I own'd with a ſigh,
That friendſhip could ſtab while ſhe ſmil'd.
Yes—coldly could ſtab the repoſe
Of the truſting and innocent breaſt,
And ev'ry fair avenue cloſe
That led to a manſion of reſt.

Love next urg'd my footſteps to ſtray
Thro' the wildering paths of romance,
But I ſtarted, and turn'd me away
From his bright and enamouring glance.
For reflection had taught me to know,
That the ſoul by his ſorc'ry poſſeſs'd
Might toſs on the billows of woe,
But ne'er find a manſion of reſt.

Still in ſearch of the phantom called joy,
Stern reaſon I met on my way,
I ſhrunk from the beam of her eye,
Yet its luſtre illumin'd my day;
"Behold," ſhe exclaim'd, "yonder grave,
"With the flowers of the woodland bedreſs'd,
"Where darkly thy cypreſſes wave—
"Lo! *that* is the manſion of reſt!"

June, 1805.